

DEAF MUTES JOURNAL

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature"

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May

The golden discs of the rattlesnake-weed,
That spangle the woods and dance—
No gleam of gold that the twilight hold
Is strong as their necromance:
For, under the oaks where the woodpaths
lead,
The golden discs of the rattlesnake-weed
Are the May's own utterance.

The azure stars of the blue bloom,
That sprinkle the woodland's trance—
No blink of blue that a cloud lets through
Is sweet as their countenance:
For, over the knolls that the woods perfume,
The azure stars of the blue bloom
Are the light of the May's own glance.

With her wondering words and her looks she
comes,
In a sunbeam of a gown;
She needs but think and the blossoms wink,
But look, and they shower down.
By orchard ways, where the wild bee hums,
With her wondering words and her looks she
comes
Like a little maid to town.
—Madison Cawein.

Under the Ice

By Earl Reed Silvers

They had been rivals, almost enemies, for the past two years. The trouble had started when Hob Barrett, during a test of strength in the lumber camp where they both were employed, had outlived the other boy, Tim Sanford. That event of itself was not of great importance—Tim had been too good a fellow in those days to resent a fairly won victory—but it had started the rivalry that later grew into open hostility.

Hob himself could not have told the reason for his enmity toward Tim. Deep in his heart he had a great deal of admiration for his rival, but circumstances had worked against the growth of friendship. The boys had both aspired ardently, even bitterly, to leadership; and up there in the north country human nature was too intense, too elemental for either of them to affect a friendliness that he did not feel.

Clash had followed clash since their first test. Hob had generally proved himself the better man, more skilled, more resourceful and stronger. And now, toeing the mark in the skating race that the lumbermen had arranged, he had little doubt of the outcome of it. At various times he had proved himself to be the speediest skater in the surrounding country. The only person to contest his claim to championship was Tim Sanford. But Tim was "due for a beating," Hob knew!

As far as eye could reach the river was a mass of glittering ice, rugged and in places impossibly rough. The snow had held off after the latest freeze, and the lumbermen had taken advantage of the fair weather to arrange the skating race. The course was two and a half miles down the river and back; the contestants were to traverse the stretch four times. The day was a half holiday, and the whole camp had turned out to see the fun. There were six contestants, all of whom, except for Hob and Tim, were grown men, burly, strong but slow. Hob knew that he would outclass them, that most of them probably would quit before they had covered half the distance. But he knew also that Tim Sanford, no matter how decisive his defeat was, would keep on to the end. He was the kind of fellow who always finishes a thing that he starts.

The gun sent them off; the gleaming skates swished over the rough ice. Hob was in the lead. A partisan cheer broke the silence of the forest-bordered river; then the contestants swept quickly out of sight round the nearest bend. At the first turn of the stake Hob was one hundred yards in the lead; at the second turn—halfway over the course—his lead was fully a quarter of a mile. Then the others quit as he had imagined they would—except Tim Sanford, who skated doggedly on.

Hob, meeting him soon after he had made the second turn, smiled superciliously, but the other boy's face was expressionless, though Hob glimpsed the anger in his eyes. Speeding gracefully with long, even strokes, Hob increased his pace. There was no need to go faster—he already had as good as won the race—but he wanted to cross the line as far in the lead as possible, to humiliate his stubborn rival, to "rub it in." He grinned at the thought of his triumph.

Reaching the turning point for the last time, he waved to the official who was stationed there and set out up the final stretch. Fifty yards away the river widened and swept out from the point where Indian Creek came tumbling into it. Approaching the sweep, Hob suddenly thought of something. When he had covered the stretch before he had followed the far shore, where the ice was smooth; now, by cutting straight across as near as possible to where the creek entered the river, he could save several hundred yards from his course. The ice was rougher there, to be sure, and air holes signified that the place was dangerous, but he was willing to take the risk. Changing his course, he struck out over the untried ice; he picked his way carefully and did not lose much speed. It occurred to him that the ice might be thinner near the entrance to the creek and that he ought to avoid the danger spot, but the desire for an overwhelming victory overcame his better judgment.

He seemed to have passed the danger point and was smiling with satisfaction, when with no creak of warning, no resounding crash, the ice crumbled beneath him, and he tumbled into the black water as if a giant hand had seized him and pulled him downward. Gasping, he sank below the surface.

But his training in the north had prepared him for emergencies. Instinctively he struck out for the surface, expecting to bob up again in a second or two and scramble to safety on the thick ice. Even at that moment he was not afraid. He would be pretty uncomfortable with the cold, but that was all.

With a thud his head struck something hard and unyielding. For an instant he was stunned; then his mind cleared. He knew what had happened; he was under the ice; the current from the creek had swept him downstream away from the open water.

Then fear came to him, but he did not lose control of himself. Relaxing, he permitted himself to drift. He did not have much hope, however; there was no air space between water and ice, and at best he could not expect to hold his breath for more than a minute and a half. It looked very much as if he had skated his last race. Strangely, the thought of death did not concern him at the moment; he was aware of a keen regret of losing the race, of permitting Tim Sanford to win. Involuntarily his hands clenched.

But those thoughts passed almost at once. His lungs had begun to ache sharply, and he found himself fighting desperately for breath. And then, struggling desperately and partly unconscious, he was suddenly able to breathe again! At the same moment his feet touched the bottom of the river. Standing upright, he looked round in bewilderment. He was up to his shoulders in water; above his head was a layer of ice. After a moment or two he discovered the reason for the pocket of air. Beside him the massive stump of a tree projected above the surface of the stream. At some time when the water was high the ice had frozen solidly round it; then when the water had dropped the ice had clung to the tree and left half a foot of precious air.

Hob thought at first that possibly he could push himself through the ice, but one attempt proved the futility of the scheme. A solid mass at least six inches thick lay between him and safety. There was no possibility either of his forcing his way to the shore; the canopy of ice stretched unbroken to the bank. To call for help would be useless; the ice would only smother his cries, hurt them back at him. So he kept silent. There seemed to be nothing to do. He had received a temporary respite, but that was all. Freezing to death was the alternative to drowning. The water was cold, bitterly, gnawingly cold. But his hardy body was able to withstand the shock; he could endure the cold for at least five minutes or so. But after that—he shivered!

At the place where ice and water separated he spied a stick floating toward him. When it came within reach he seized it, though he did not know just why. It was not until he had stood regarding it curiously for several seconds that a hopeful idea came to him. Directly above him

were some air holes an inch or so in diameter; through one of them he might obtain help.

Reaching quickly into the pocket of his Mackinaw, he drew forth a dripping red handkerchief. Draping it over the end of the stick, he inserted the stick into one of the air holes and pushed upward. It forced its way through; the end was two feet above the frozen surface of the river. Very gently Hob worked the stick up and down. It was his only hope. If Tim, passing on his course, should see it, he would undoubtedly investigate, and then rescue would follow.

But would Tim see the stick? He might be on the far side of the river; he would be intent on making speed; his dogged eyes would be straight ahead. And even if he saw it, would he guess who was under the ice and refuse to stop? Hob shook his head almost angrily at the thought. He and Tim were rivals, yes, but surely rivalry was not a stronger thing than life itself!

Faintly came the even sound of gliding skates. It was strange how he could hear it and could even follow the course of the skater. Tim was nearing the spot on his way to his last turning. Working the danger signal carefully, Hob listened. He knew when the skater had swept away from Indian Creek to the farther bank, when the chance of his seeing the handkerchief had passed. The swish of skates grew indistinct. He was gone!

Hob almost lost heart. But there was still one more chance; on his return trip Tim might possibly discover him.

The sound of grinding skates reached his ears again. Tim had passed the mark and was coming back on the final stretch. Hob worked the signal frantically. His heart was thumping like a trip hammer; his head was throbbing excitedly. Would Tim see the signal?

The skater's strokes were firm and unbroken. Reaching the place where the river broadened, he turned. Hob called out then—long cries that the ice flung back at him. Realizing the futility of calling, he stopped and listened. He could easily trace the course of the other boy; Tim had reached a place directly opposite the entrance to the creek.

Suddenly the rip of his skates ceased. Hob's heart seemed to leap into his throat. In an agony of suspense he waited, hoping and yet hardly daring to hope. A minute later he heard the sound of grinding skates again, and—yes, the skater was going away from him!

For a moment everything round Hob turned black. Tim had seen his signal and had refused to come to his rescue. Tim, the boy whom he had always fought against but whom he had always secretly admired, had failed in the test! He had left a rival to suffer, probably to die!

The gnawing cold of the black water was doing its work. Hob, rugged as he was, was weakening. His teeth were chattering, but still he fought the cold. There was one more hope. Tim, after winning the race, might give the alarm, might send the men hurrying toward his unfortunate rival. But Hob was doubtful; he knew that once the men learned the story, Tim would be an outcast. In that country, where men were uncouth and primitive but true nevertheless, they would tolerate a tell what he knew. Tim would probably leave him to his fate. Still Hob worked the stick up and down, up and down. He was no quitter. The numbness that was threatening to overcome him—he would fight it to the end!

He had lost track of time when he heard the sound of footsteps on the ice. The footsteps seemed to be approaching. He lifted his head and pumped his stick frantically; he ventured a shrill, unnatural call. Suddenly he held his breath. A man was standing above him.

"Hello!" Hob called.
"Hello! Who are you?" The voice came down to him, muffled and strange. "I'm Hob Barrett here under the ice. Dig me out!"

"One moment."
There was the sound of hacking. To Hob the suspense seemed endless. Then the head of an axe broke through the ice. The hole grew

larger; a man's eyes stared at him. Then Hob knew what had happened; the official at the far turn, plodding back to the finish line, had taken the short cut over the ice and had seen his signal. Fortunately, the man had an axe; he had cut the skate pole with it. "I'll get you up in a minute," he called.

The hole grew larger until it was large enough for the body of a man to pass through. Hob, reaching out, seized his rescuer's hands. In another moment he was safe.

It was characteristic of him that he did not collapse as boys of softer mould might have done. Wrapping the official's warm, heavy coat around him, he skated desperately and with uneven strokes up the river. The exercise warmed his blood and when he reached the men grouped around the finish line he was almost himself again.

Noticing his water-soaked clothes, they demanded to know his story. He told them, but omitted to say that Tim Sanford had stopped and then had gone on again. The men listened stolidly. Then they turned their attention to the race.

"Well, let's clear this thing up," said the foreman. "Tim won the race." He fished from his pocket a fancy buckskin purse and handed it to him. "Here's your prize."

But Tim drew back. "I wouldn't have won it if Barrett hadn't fallen though," he answered. "I don't want it."

The foreman grunted. "It's your funeral," he said shortly. "If the snow don't come, we'll run the race over next week."

The men talking of other things, set off toward camp. But Tim Sanford held back, and Hob, seeing him, walked over to where he was standing. "Do you mean to say you didn't see my handkerchief?" he demanded.

Tim's eyes opened wide. There was no hostility in his gaze, only bewilderment. "No," he replied.

But Hob was not convinced. "Then why did you stop and wait for a minute?"

Tim did not hesitate. "My skate got loose, and I had to tighten it," he replied.

Hob knew then that he had misjudged the other boy. But he did not apologize. Such things were not in their code. Instead he made amends in his own way. "How about going down to town together tonight?" he asked.

Tim nodded. A moment later they matched strides across the ice to the lumber camp. Such was the beginning of their friendship.

Assumed Deafness This Girl's Defense

Awaiting her train, she sat demurely, reading a magazine in the waiting room at the Union Station.

Across from her seat sat "a blade." His every action denoted a desire to flirt. The demure one apparently saw him not. Nothing daunted, he walked over in front of the young woman and asked, "Didn't I see you get on the train at Sedalia?" "What did you say?" replied the young woman, cupping her hand behind her ear. "Didn't you get on the train at Sedalia?" came back the query in a louder tone. "I beg your pardon; I can't quite hear what you are saying." By this time the flirt was rather flabbergasted. In a voice heard several seats away, his face a violent red he shouted, "Did you get on the train at Sedalia?"

"Not that I remember," she answered. "The not so gay 'blade,' the cynosure of a grinning crowd, made a quick getaway. A few minutes later a redcap approached. 'Your train is here,' he announced in a mild tone. 'Thank you,' she replied. Her hand was not at her ear, either.—Kansas City Times.

Protestant Episcopal Missions

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ington, D. C.

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Florida Flashes

According to posters issued by three railways of Florida, one-cent-a-mile excursions will be run to Jacksonville from all points in the state, going May 27, 28 and returning June 3. Delegates wishing to take advantage of this opportunity will have to stay two days in Jacksonville at their expense, between the last day of ticket sale and the opening day of convention (June 1), unless entertained by their friends at no cost to them. If they feel like staying at the convention far into the night of the last day, June 3, on which date they must return home, they will have to purchase one-way tickets at full rate the next day to go back home. Others will no doubt travel by auto. Hotel rates and headquarters will be announced by mail, Carl Holland, chairman, stated.

A bill is now being prepared for passage by the Florida legislature, which, when it becomes a law, will not be detrimental to deaf drivers. One sub-section of General Section No. 5 reads thusly: "The Department shall not issue an operator's or chauffeur's license to any person, when in the opinion of the Department such person is afflicted with or suffering from such physical or mental disability or diseases will serve to prevent such person from exercising reasonable and ordinary control over a motor vehicle while operating the same upon the highways, nor shall a license be issued to any person who is unable to understand highway warning or direction signs in the sign language."

To better safeguard the rights of deaf drivers, an effort is made to insert therein the following section of the West Virginia law: "That no person shall be refused an operator's or chauffeur's license to operate a motor vehicle on the public roads, highways and streets of any city or town of this state because of the fact that he is deaf: Provided, That every deaf person shall be subjected to the same examination and tests given other applicants for license to operate motor vehicles, except that, hearing not being a requisite for the safe operation of a motor vehicle, no person shall be denied such license because of failure to pass tests based on ability to hear."

Many of deaf car owners and drivers in Florida will now find it possible to purchase license plates, now that the 25 per cent penalty having been eliminated by the Act of the State Legislature. Commenting on this law, Governor Sholtz said he was glad the Legislature passed the act, "because I want to give the poor man every benefit I can." Others will probably prefer to wait for the passage of an act which will enable them to buy tags at a flat \$5 and \$10, license rate. Hitherto they have been paying two or three times as high.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cory, Jr., accompanied the body of Mr. Cory's brother-in-law, who died of heart disease on April 12th while visiting in St. Petersburg, to Lima, Ohio, for interment. They returned to St. Petersburg during the week of April 21st, after visiting Dayton, their former home. Sympathy is extended to Mr. Cory in the loss of his relative.

A motoring party, including Miss Carlotta Walker, her mother and friends, left Cassadaga, Florida, where they have been spending their annual winter vacation, en route to Vermont for then summer season. They visited the state school for the deaf at Frederick, Md., and Buffalo, N. Y.

Among former Floridians who have visited with relatives and friends in Florida the past two months and returned home, are Mrs. S. C. Boggs, of Akron, Ohio; and Mrs. Spear, of Chicago, Ill., and Racine, Wis.

Harry Jacob, of St. Petersburg, has returned to Milwaukee, Wis., feeling confident of securing employment this time, after an unsuccessful attempt last summer.

The Ohioans in Florida are unanimous in their opinion that the Ohio reunion should be postponed until 1934, primarily because of continued depression.

Miss Bessie Henderson, who has been the house guest of her relatives in West Haven, has returned to her home in Monticello.

A very enjoyable social was held at Winter Haven on the night of April 15th, in honor of departing guests, Mrs. Boggs and Miss Henderson. About twelve deaf, some from out of town, participated in the frivolities of the evening.

With the exception of one, the whole deaf citizenry of Sarasota attended the Easter service, held at Tampa, on April 16th.

Mr. and Mrs. Erick Leadbetter, of Thonotassas, were seen mingling with the deaf at the Tampa service on Easter Sunday.

Carlus A. Canaiv, from somewhere in the South, has found temporary employment in a fish market at Tampa.

Depression does not seem to have hit Ernest F. Barker very hard. He says work at his occupation in Tampa is plentiful and layoffs are almost an unknown quantity.

F. E. P.

CLEVELAND, O.

A new club was organized exclusively for the deaf girls, headed by Miss Dorothy Betz, a Domestic Science teacher of Alexander Graham Bell School for the Deaf. This club held its first monthly meeting at Miss Betz's spacious home, where a most swell supper was served. The purpose of the club is to interest the girls in sports, literary and social affairs, and to promote good-will and fellowship. While plans are still in the first stages, there will be a hiking outing and a gay party is assured.

Our necks were stretched to follow the eyes turned skyward watching the great Macon, a new airship, sail serenely in its silvery beauty and so low over our heads to our clear view last Sunday.

The writer had a chance meeting last Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Hamerly and Mrs. Ashley Martin, who motored from Akron on visit. Mrs. Martin informed us with great surprise and regret of the sad news of Mrs. Max Marcossion's sudden death, which took place last week. She is greatly missed at Euclid Beach, where she and her husband camped on their annual summer vacation.

Friday, March 31st, Mrs. M. A. Carter, a former teacher of the Cleveland day school for the deaf, came to visit the school after an absence of a couple of years. She stayed to witness the school girls win the basketball game, which was played with great excitement to the victory of the school girls against the alumni. She was reported to have enjoyed it immensely and meeting her old pupils, among whom are the most popular Mabel Graves and Elsie Claus. The day after the basketball game Mrs. Carter returned home, 1808 Kent Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

The Junior and Senior Clubs joined in their arrangements for a great picnic at Cedar Point in June.

Pluma Hemstreet took a pleasure trip in her brother's airplane last Sunday. Virgie Ashcraft was urged in vain to join her in the trip.

Mr. Sauter's son is reported to be admitted to the United States Re-forestry Army.

The June graduates of 1929 of A. G. B. Day School for the Deaf graduating with honors from different High Schools (hearing), are Abraham Sashawsky, Samuel Circioni and Elmer Fink from East Technical High School. Mabel Graves finishes her course at East High School in June.

Mutes, Injured by Auto

MRS. MARY ATKINSON AND MRS. GEORGE RIGG STRUCK

While crossing the street at Broadway and Auburn Street about 11:30 o'clock, Friday night, Mrs. Mary Atkinson, fifty-eight, and Mrs. George Rigg, forty-four, deaf-mutes, of 53 Twelfth Avenue, were struck by an automobile driven by Benjamin Bernstein, of 157 Pacific Street.

They were rushed to the Barnet Hospital by Bernstein and were treated by Dr. Freiman. Mrs. Atkinson is confined to the hospital with a possible fractured leg and Mrs. Rigg was treated for lacerations about the leg. Bernstein told Detectives Fitzsimmons and Kennedy that the women became confused and stepped in the path of his automobile.—Paterson Call, April 24th.

Physical Handicap Overcome by Deaf

If you should happen to feel that though you are sound in wind, limb and brain, you can't get over a lot of life's obstacles, read this:

Demosthenes, the world's greatest orator, stuttered.

Caesar and Napoleon, two of the world's greatest soldiers, had epileptic fits.

Milton, one of the world's greatest poets, was blind. Keats, another, had tuberculosis. Byron, a third, had a club foot. Shelley, fourth, was probably insane.

Steinmetz, one of the world's greatest scientists, was dwarfed and deformed. Beethoven, one of the world's greatest musicians, was deaf.

You can add indefinitely to this list by turning the pages of history. But these nine names may be enough to convey the idea.—Oakland Post-Enquirer.

In the deaf world, we not only have Beethoven who succeeded in the face of a physical handicap, but we have hundreds of examples of others who have triumphed over this disability that has always caused men to shake their heads, as if to say "Impossible of any attainment." Take Douglas Tilden, deaf all his life. His statues in bronze grace the streets and squares of Pacific Coast cities. His genius makes his statues live and breathe and hold you spellbound with admiration and wonder.

Granville Redmond sent to school, when old enough, deaf and unpromising, today probably is California's greatest landscape artist. His paintings are rich in that beauty of rare tints that nature imparts and that has defied imitation until Redmond's genius put on the canvas the secrets of her art.

Cadwalader Washburn, born deaf, is today one of the world's greatest etchers. His works are exhibited in the leading art galleries of the world.

Isaac Goldberg, deprived of his hearing when young, studied chemistry and today is the head chemist of a large perfume corporation in New York. He has discovered and created numerous formulae valuable in the soap and perfume business.

Thomas S. Marr, deaf from birth, is the architect of a new million-dollar government postoffice building now going up in one of the southern cities.

There are numerous other successful deaf men in the various professions. There are clergymen, educators, dentists, microscopists, architects, editors, writers, novelists, poets bacteriologists, chemists. In the trades we can point to any number of deaf men and women who have made good. There are linotype operators, pressmen, bookbinders, cabinet-makers, builders, stone cutters, cement workers, plasterers, clerks, tailors, bakers, ranchers, shoemakers, jewelers, barbers, painters, etc., etc.

It is our responsibility in our schools to educate each child, to teach him a trade and put hope and promise into his breast, so that he may forget his deafness and take up the competition with men. The success of so many deaf people, some of whom have made their names famous, is an incentive to those who possess all their faculties but who are inclined to be moan their hard luck. To have struggled against such fearful odds, the handicap of deafness, and brought to a realization the force of their ambition is a splendid testimonial to the human will and a tribute to educational opportunities that are denied to none. The foundation having been laid, the fire of ambition knows no limits, knows no handicap.—W. S. Runde in the California News.

A Weighty Matter

"The most unfortunate person is the one, who is dressed up educationally and has no place to go. To have been prepared and then not wanted is a tragedy. The duty of the school is to evaluate the child, to study society's needs and through education to make the child fit in somewhere. Devotion to curriculae instead of preparation for the activities of life makes many misfits."—Ex-Secretary of the Interior, Roy Lymen Wilbur.

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Deaf-Mutes' Journal

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EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor
WILLIAM A. RENNER, Assistant Editor

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by New York School for the Deaf, at 163rd Street and Riverside Drive) is issued every Thursday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base.
Whose love of God, for themselves,
And not for all the race."

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Rev. Franklin C. Smielau Retires

In the order of earthly things the able and the earnest, the strong and the weak, the devoted and the negligent, all pass on and leave the field they occupied to successors who may or may not be an improvement, but who certainly have the advantage gained by the experience of predecessors.

One by one the retirement from the field of religious endeavor, of such capable and inspirational service as that rendered by Rev. Henry Winter Syle, Rev. Austin W. Mann, Rev. Jacob M. Koehler, Rev. Clarence W. Charles, Rev. James H. Cloud, Rev. Brewster R. Allabough, has been caused by death. Rev. Oliver J. Whildin and Rev. Franklin C. Smielau from weakened hands have passed the torch to others.

The work of each of those mentioned has been confined to certain sections where they temporarily served. All save Rev. Franklin C. Smielau, whose sphere of action was widened by the added burdens of the secular service which was voluntarily assumed. He graduated from Gallaudet College thirty-six years ago, and four years later, in 1901, was ordained to the priesthood, serving as missionary to the deaf of Central Pennsylvania, Western New York, West Virginia and Ohio.

His work in Pennsylvania was important to the deaf of all creeds. He secured to them the right to operate motor vehicles, and took a prominent part in the purchase of the property of the Home for Aged Deaf at Torredale, besides securing county aid for its maintenance. These last benefactions were accomplished during his several terms as President of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, with the aid and cooperation of the officers and members of that body. He had been President of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association for six years prior to the reunion of 1932.

At the Convention of the National Association of the Deaf at Buffalo, N. Y., in 1930, he was elected president, but physical disability interposed and prevented the exercise of his vigorous mentality in the active direction of national movements that concern the deaf. So he has reluctantly resigned his office to Vice-President W. H. Schaub, of St. Louis. The best wishes of his legion of friends go out to him in his retirement with the strong hope that perfect rest will result in many future years of peace and comfort.

We are grieved to learn of the death, from an apoplectic stroke, of Mrs. Lulu H. Cloud, widow of the late Rev. James H. Cloud, whose well-merited fame as principal of the Day School for the Deaf at St. Louis, Mo., and

service as president of the National Association will be vividly remembered. One of Mrs. Cloud's sons is in the banking business in the East, and another, Dr. D. T. Cloud, is at the head of the Illinois School for the Deaf as Managing Officer.

FANWOOD

On the evening of Friday, April 28th, Superintendent and Mrs. Victor O. Skyberg entertained with a surprise Bridge dinner, honoring Dr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Fox, both of whom are retiring from active service next month.

Dr. and Mrs. Fox previously had been invited to dinner with the Superintendent's family, and were pleasantly surprised to find that Principal Emeritus and Mrs. Gardner, Assistant Superintendent and Mrs. Van Tassel, were also included.

At the designated hour, the couples marched, not to the dining room, but to the large front parlor, and as the door slowly swung open the guests of honor were astounded to see the smiling faces of the entire teaching staff.

Three long tables, with another to form a T, had as center pieces large bouquets of snapdragons and pale blue lace flowers, alternating with tall green candles. The snowy linen and shiny silver looked resplendent under the bright light of the crystal chandelier, which gave an air of elegance to the setting.

With Mrs. Fox on his right and Dr. Fox at his left, Superintendent Skyberg explained the purpose of the gathering, after which all sat down to enjoy a most appetizing menu. Some of the Domestic Science pupils assisted in serving the courses.

After the coffee and cigars were passed around, Supt. Skyberg arose and made a short speech, felicitating Dr. Fox on his long, fifty-year period of service at Fanwood, and Mrs. Fox, who had been with us and other schools for almost as many years. He ended by presenting each of them a box bearing a memento of the occasion, remarking that to be useful the contents would have to stay paired. On being opened there were disclosed two large silver candlesticks of a beautiful Colonial design.

Dr. Fox made a fitting response for himself and Mrs. Fox, admitting they had been caught unawares. Other speakers were Mr. Gardner and Major Van Tassel, after which the floor was cleared and the guests sat down to six tables of bridge for a while. Mrs. Janet Swart won the prize for ladies; the men's prize went to Major Van Tassel, and the booby to Miss Madge Dolph. The party ended a little before midnight, and was a most enjoyable affair, though maybe a little wistful for the guests of honor.

The Fanwood relay team finished fourth in their heat of the mile relay at the University of Pennsylvania Relays. Our team got off to a bad start, and finished the first lap in sixth place. Joseph Nuch, running the second lap, lowered the gap to fifth, and Thomas Kolenda, running the third lap, held that position. Michael Cairano, our anchor man, by a determined sprint in the last fifty yards, boosted our team to fourth position. The team was made up of H. Brown, J. Nuch, T. Kolenda, M. Cairano, captain, and P. Bodler, substitute.

As May 5th will be Field Day at Fanwood, the boys are practicing faithfully in anticipation of winning at least one of the coveted "N.Y.S.D." letters. If the boys hold the same form that they have shown in practice, the events will be more hotly contested than in former years.

Candidates for the Fanwood Athletic Association's first baseball team have been practicing hard the past three weeks for their season, which opens May 6th. Tommy Kolenda is this year's captain.

The Spring drill season began Monday, April 24th. The annual competitive drill will be held on May 26th.

A few of the boys went to the Yankee Stadium in the Bronx last Saturday, to see their favorites, the Yankees, play the Washington "Senators." Their enjoyment of the game was somewhat lessened, as the Senators trounced the Yankees by the score of 6 to 3.

Professor Edward Burdick, one of the older teachers at Fanwood, returned to his duties recently, after being kept at home for over a month by illness. We were all glad to have him back.

Articles have appeared from time to time in our exchanges about football at Gallaudet. The latest was the story of "A Great Football Game," contributed to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL by M. M. Taylor, perhaps the greatest all-round athlete Gallaudet has produced. The late Hugh K. Bush excelled him in running, but in all else Taylor had no superior.—J. S. L. in Iowa Hawk-eye.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE

By Andy Mack

"How's your sunburn? How many pounds did you gain?"

These are the questions the boys asked each other after arriving on Kendall Green after a one week sojourn in the wilderness of Maryland.

Camp time, how many of you readers do not cherish the memories of your own camp days when you too were Gallaudet undergraduates? Perhaps you recollect Ladies' Day at the Great Falls camp and the time when one ambitious lad ran off with a chicken from a neighborhood farmer's field, in order to give the visiting girls a chicken dinner. Anyhow you all cherish something from your old camp days.

This year a 200-acre plot on Chesapeake Bay, owned by the Boy Scouts, with real cabins, bunks, cots, fireplaces, a large mess hall and lodge and a plentiful supply of boats of all sizes, including a sailboat, provided the fifty boys with all the requisites to turn native.

What needs there be said except that all the boys had a taste of real out of door life. All had a chance to get sunburnt. All had a chance to stuff their stomachs with the two truckloads of provisions. None neglected the chance to forget etiquette and table manners and do justice to the appetizing food, made all the more attractive since the mess hall has a fine view of the broad bay. It certainly is too bad that Thanksgiving is past, for as a fattening ground Camp Roosevelt is the best place on the Chesapeake Bay.

Proof of this is the case of "Prof" Felix Kowalewski, who is reputed to have gained no less than 17 pounds in his one week's rest from his strenuous labors on Kendall Green, until today he is almost as broad as he is tall, and he is not much more than five feet in height.

Excitement! There was plenty of all kinds. Anton O'Branovich caught more than a dozen eels and at night roasted them in his cabin fireplace. The fish weren't biting, but on warm nights there were plenty of crabs around the pier. At times the water in the bay was very quiet and the amateur sailors took the rowboats out for a long ride. Several of the boys got so scared when the water got rough that they grounded their skiffs and walked back to camp, several miles away—some sailors. The sailboat was like a woman, sometimes she acted so nice that the boys forgot the passing time.

One of the most popular fixtures around the camp was the good old Doc from Kansas, erstwhile the Professor of English, Powrie Doctor. The good old Doc was so busy trying to do many things at the same time and give the boys more rest and ease that, instead of putting on weight, he lost a few pounds. Doc was the most important man in the camp, the kingpin of the whole gang. He fixed things up with the cook, watched the pantry, ran the yachting club, administered to the injuries of the boys like a kind mother would do, settled all disputes, directed the labors of the boys and put everyone's mind at ease.

Imitating the girls, the Preps one night put on a small play on the beach, amid sizzling weiners and exploding firecrackers. The Preps chose a skit, "Imitations of the Mighty Among Us," or mimicking the most comical upperclassmen among the campers. At the same time some ingenious old soul had procured some firecrackers, and between the cracking of the coals in the campfire and bursting fireworks, there was a good time for all.

"College breeds gamblers" goes an old saying. A nightly diversion was card playing, not the tame type of bridge as played at tea parties nowadays, but the much more exciting game of "Hearts, Hearts," but nothing being said about sweethearts.

Fishing, bah! The cold waters yielded nothing and Messrs. Hinant and Clarke, both Sophs, intending to harvest a record catch, had no need of their 100 hook line which they had intended to stretch between two skiffs. Cruel disappointment was in store for all the would-be fishermen.

Sunrise on the bay is a beautiful sight, yet few boys got up at 5 o'clock to see Ole Sol ascend the heavens.

The first few nights there was no moon, but the mighty Seniors, proud of their knowledge of astronomy sought to enlighten the lowerclassmen upon the subject. Millions of stars were in the sky and lying stretched out on the one hundred yard long pier the boys would gaze far up overhead.

Sports! There was plenty of sports. Indoor baseball, volleyball, rowing, biking, walking, climbing trees, sunbathing, swimming, fishing, eating, and plain working were included in the list. In a warmly contested game of baseball the Uppers defeated the Lovers by a 6-1 score, mainly because of the good pitching by Tom Ulmer, '34. In the volleyball series the Uppers did not try very hard and were defeated two games to one by the Lovers. As for swimming, none of the boys actually took to the water for long, except when their

row-boats got swamped and they could not escape the onrushing waves.

This year's camp was the best ever. Located on the best camp site that exists on the Bay, housed in very comfortable cabins, and fed by one of the best "cookies living," nothing was lacking, except electric lights, and this would be a sign of civilization since shower baths and running water already exist.

About the only thing that troubles the boys is that one week's sojourn in this garden spot of the Chesapeake Bay is too short, next year the boys would be much more happy to spend a month.

Heimo Antila, '34, was the camp leader responsible for the success of the camping. Mr. Powrie Doctor, a volunteer all-around man, helped in every way. Daily leaders of the Kitchen Police Force included: Harold Larsen, '33; Thomas Ulmer, '34; Stephen Kozlar, '35; Anton O'Branovich, '35; Ken Burdette, '34; and George Brown, '34.

KAMP KAHLETT

By Isobel Swope and Mary Riker

It was ten o'clock on Monday morning. All Fowler Hall was on the front lawn waiting for the bus. Dressed in garments that would have shocked their grandmothers they waited and waited. The minutes came and went but still no bus. The poor President of the Y.W.C.A. was beleaguered on all sides with questions as to the whys and wherefores of the lateness of the bus. At last, when we had almost given up hope, up the drive lumbered two school buses that made some of us gasp and gasp. We were amazed at their capacity, for every one of us fifty-three Co-eds got a seat. With a final farewell to Miss Peet, we were off.

This year's vacation was one of the pleasantest in five years (ask the Seniors). Not a single drop of rain fell. The only fly in the ointment was a more or less steady wind, making life miserable for the sunbathers. In spite of which, most of the campers managed to secure a creditable coat of sunburn. First honors go to Kitty Havens, '35, as old Sol's best-beloved. Elsie Fitchett was a close second.

And those cats! With Elvira Wohlstrom, '33, as chairman, the food committee prepared a menu more enticing than that of the Ritz. (Well, we haven't really been there, but we have imagination!) This is Miss Wohlstrom's last year and we are wondering who will replace her next year. She was tireless in her efforts to feed us well. That she succeeded can be proved by the scales on the second floor. And she even gave us a snack before bedtime. Needless to say, all dieters broke their fasts at camp.

The entertainment committee under the management of Lucy Buchanan, also did it's work well. The first night a bridge tournament was held, with first honors going to Viola Servold, '34, and the booby prize to Emma Corneliusen, also of '34. The next night games were the main attraction. Isobel Swope, '34, and won first prize in a jig-saw puzzle contest, while a mere Prep, Virginia King, proved she knew her movies by winning the prize in a movie star contest. Anna Mariné won the jar of jelly beans for guessing the nearest to the number contained in the jar. The Preps presented two comedy skits. The first was a country schoolroom with usual antics of country bumpkins. The other was called the "Model T," and concerned the journey of a Ford, with the usual number of accidents.

The usual number of funny incidents occurred. Ask a certain Prep and Junior to tell you about Shady-side. Several girls experienced difficulty in returning home from distant rows. Misses Aho, Walford, Oryall, Blackinton, Ott, and Riker have thrilling tales to relate. There was a horrible danger just barely escaped by the dwellers in Chevy Chase cottage one night. A ferocious mouse invaded the domicile. The marauder was evicted by the courage of Miss Gunderson, amid the shrieks of other more timorous damsels.

The high-light of the vacation was "Fac Day." Led by the Normals, the Faculty rolled up the drive. (Not in "Model T's.") Most of the Faculty showed up, but the absence of the Ellys, Fustfelds, Drakes, Mrs. Hughes, and Mr. Doctor was regretted. The absentees of this year's Fac Day always helped to make former occasions brighter. We hope they will all be able to be with us next year. We promise them enough eats then to make up for their loss this year. (It was a loss, too, for our food was simply scrumptious—awesque in other words.)

In the afternoon, we had our annual launch ride to the bay. In spite of wind and flying spray, the trip was most enjoyable. (Tis rumored that one of the guests of honor lost his hat overboard. We wonder how.) In the evening the usual weiner roast on the point was held. Some of the girls, driven by the wind, brought their weiners and accessories back to the cottage to eat.

Saturday morning dawned, the loveliest day of all. The buses, probably to atone for their dereliction the Monday before, came rolling up the drive a full half-hour before the time they were due. With much wailing and lamentation, we boarded them and set off for college. Much browner, happier, and—sh—'tis rumored, plumper—than we left.

New Jersey

THE PATERSON MASQUERADE BALL

The Fourth Annual Masquerade Ball of the Paterson (N. J.) Silent Social Club was held last Saturday evening, April 29th, in the St. Boniface Hall, Paterson, N. J.

The John Leskowitz and his orchestra were on hand early, just about the time the arrangement committee arrived, so nothing was lacking, except the guests, who by the way were late in arriving.

The hall is a large one with the capacity of accommodating one thousand.

The JOURNAL reporter was among the first to arrive, having made the trip from New York in Mr. Herbert Liberz's car. Sam Fleischer, of Kings Park, N. Y., was also a passenger.

The first noted were Mr. Charles Wiemuth, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who interested many of his new acquaintances of his recent travels, and Mr. John O'Rourke, who has been visiting for the past few weeks in Paterson, N. J. Also our friend, Mr. Louis Hagan, the Egg and Butter Man. From Philadelphia were Messrs. Jacob Brodsky and Mully Cohen.

The Egg and Butter Man and Mr. Charles Wiemuth came in Mr. Andrew McCoy's roadster. By the way Mr. McCoy has not changed in the least since we saw him last. He looks like a wrestler as of yore, and in the best of health.

There were only four in costume, and there were four prizes to be offered, therefore each received a prize.

The judges, Messrs. John O'Rourke, Louis Hagan and Anthony Capelle, had an easy time picking out the winners.

The first prize of five dollars went to Mully Cohen, of Philadelphia, Pa. The second prize of three dollars went to Jacob Brodsky, also from Philadelphia.

The third prize of two dollars to Miss Albina Redman, and the fourth prize of one dollar to Miss Grace Redman.

The Arrangement Committee were John Grant (chairman), Harry L. Redman, Harry Nightingale, William Battersky, John Newcomer and Robert Bennett.

There was a refreshment counter where one could obtain various kinds of soft drinks, including the legalized beer, and sandwiches. Mr. Redman dispensed to the thirsty and several young misses looked after the sandwiches and ice-cream. Mrs. Redman was the cashier.

The attendance was not as large as in previous years, but was social success, for everybody there seemed to be having a jolly good time.

The Paterson Silent Social Club for the year of 1933, is officered as follows: Harry L. Redman, President; Henry Nightingale, Vice-President; Jennima Bontone, Secretary; Robert Bennett, Treasurer; William Battersky, Financial Secretary.

The Paterson Silent Social Club is an organization long needed in such large city as Paterson, N. J., which has many bright deaf-mutes. It is a purely social organization where the members meet to pass away social hours now and then, and annually to hold public affairs, where non-members and their hearing friends may gather to have a good time. Last Saturday was one of the occasions when they had a masquerade ball, and though not largely attended, all had a very good time. With better times coming they expect to have a larger gathering next year.

Buffalo, N. Y.

The Kicuwa Club held a successful card party and a luncheon at the Gipsy Tea Room recently. Mrs. Albert Ode was chairman.

Mr. Frank Messenger motored to Batavia with several of his friends to visit Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Slater Sunday. They were pleasantly surprised to meet several from Rochester there, so they all spent a very enjoyable evening.

Our sympathy goes to Miss Louise Brittenbach in the recent death of her mother.

The Silent Soft Ball Club will hold a card party at the Elmwood Music Hall, May 13th.

Mrs. Albert Ode will entertain at bridge Saturday evening at her home, Pine Hill. Mrs. Sol Weil will be the next hostess.

Gladys Grover has returned home after two weeks at the Millard Fillmore Hospital, where she underwent an operation. Upon her return home she was delighted to find quite a family gathering to welcome her—relatives from Albion and East Aurora and several friends.

There was a benefit card party given by the deaf for the deaf at school and there was a large attendance of over 150 present, and the prizes were beautiful. It was for the best and largest crowd this season and after cards the young folks enjoyed dancing until the wee hours in the morning.

Mr. Frank Messenger's nephew has

returned to work, after being on the sick list for four weeks. His nephew underwent an operation for appendicitis, at the Millard Fillmore Hospital. Mr. Messenger figured in an automobile accident recently and no one was hurt, but his car was damaged. Mr. Messenger tried to avoid hitting a street car track repair man and in doing so he ran into two other machines. Luckily he carries insurance.

Miss Angas Palmgreen gave dinner party at her home for several friends Saturday evening. They spent a pleasant evening.

I wish to take this way to thank my kind friends who called on me, while I was in the hospital, also for their kindness in sending me fruit, flowers and cards.

G. G.

NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.
A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH NOTES

Sunday, April 30th, was a red-letter day in the history of St. Ann's Church for the Deaf. While guest preachers have frequently visited St. Ann's, this occasion was remarkable in that the visiting preacher, the Reverend Henry J. Pulver, was accompanied by his own choir. Rev. Mr. Pulver is Vicar of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia, and he brought with him four of the noted hymn-singers of All Souls: Mesdames Rothenmund, Flenner, Mock, and Long, to take part in the three-o'clock service at St. Ann's.

A extra large crowd was present at the church, including several deaf from Philadelphia, who made the trip in a burst of patriotic zeal. The visitors received an enthusiastic welcome throughout their stay in Gotham. Rev. Mr. Pulver preached an inspiring sermon, in very clear and attention-compelling signs, on the text "The night cometh, when no man can work" (St. John 9:4). The visiting choir rendered, "Rejoice, the Lord is King"; "Jesus, Lover of My Soul"; and "For All the Saints, Who from their Labour Rest."

The guests arrived in New York Saturday afternoon, the 29th, in time to partake of supper in the Guild House of St. Ann's and to attend the Men's Club "Balloons Fete," to which they were invited by the Committee. Dancing was the main event of this social, with the playing of games in which balloons figured. Entertainment was provided for both old and young through the successful efforts of Chas. Terry, chairman, and Messrs. Edmund Hicks, Dan Aellis, Billy Rayner, and Ernest Marshall, committee-men.

Prizes were given as follows: for balloon target shooting: Mrs. Cail, ladies; Mr. D. Yuskas, men; balloon fanning contest: Miss Schmidt, ladies; Mr. Keating, men; tickets: draw: Mr. Perry; dancing prizes: couples: 1st, Mr. and Mrs. Bromberg; 2nd, Mr. Keating and Miss Lombardi; circle dance prize to Mr. Jerry Durso and Miss Peggy Reston. Refreshments of cup cakes and coffee, and punch, were served in the Tea Room. The entertainment will net a good profit for St. Ann's Relief Fund, judging from the large number of admissions paid.

THE N. A. D. ROOF BALL

As expected, the New York Branch of the National Association's Roof Garden Ball, on Sunday evening April 30th, was a success, not only in point of numbers (there were over hundred present,) but a high class of New York deaf.

The Hotel Pennsylvania Roof Garden is one of New York's elegant places to hold high toned entertainments, such as balls and dinners and other gatherings.

On the evening in question the elegant gowns of the ladies and faultless attire of the gentlemen was indeed a pleasure to behold.

State Senator Phil M. Kleinfeld and Dr. Harris Taylor, Principal of the Lexington Ave. School for the Deaf, addressed those present from the platform. Their remarks were interpreted into signs by the hearing daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Plapinger.

The dance music was furnished by Frankie and his New Yorkers and was in two parts. Twenty-one numbers in all, and the dancing was kept up long after midnight.

The Arrangement Committee were the Local Committee having charge of the convention to be held in the summer of 1934. They were Messrs. Marcus L. Kenner (Chairman), John N. Funk, Jack Ebin, Miss Eleanor E. Sherman, Mrs. Anna Plapinger, Dr. Edwin W. Nies, Paul Di Anno, Edward J. Sherwood, Sylvan J. Riey and Harry J. Goldberg.

The Floor Committee were: Samuel Block, Joseph L. Call, Ludwig Fischer, Seymour Gross, Joseph Graham, Anthony Capelle, William A. Renner, Edward Kirwin, Charles H. Wiemuth, Paul J. Tarien, Joseph O. Sturtz, and Marcus H. Marks.

The Hostesses were: Misses Mary F. Austra, Ione C. Dibble, Goldie Aaronson, Alice Atkinson, Malvina

Balacaier, Anna M. Klaus, Margaret Jackson, Elizabeth E. McLeod, Minnie Regenbogen and Anna Hoffman; Mesdames Pierre F. Allegaert, Moses Eissen, Matthew Higgins, Harry H. Gillen, Marcus L. Kenner, Gertrude T. Kent, Johanna H. McCluskey, Herbert Lieberz, Joseph Peters and Harold S. Yager.

This affair does not end the work of Convention Local Committee by any means. They will be planning for other affairs, to be held in the fall or next winter, to swell the Fund to defray the expenses of the Convention in the summer of 1934.

The Balloon Party of Ephpheta Society on Sunday evening, April 23d, at its new headquarters, 248 West 14th Street, was a success from every angle. The meeting room was comfortable, with a crowd of 150 in attendance. Chairman Kieckers and his assistants, Paul Di Anno, Mrs. Matty Higgins and Marie Vittl, were all smiles, despite the busy evening they had keeping things running in apple-cake order. There were games for the children as well as grown-ups, and were contested with good-natured merriment by all. The winners were: Chair game, Elizabeth Fromm and William Hertina; Blowing Contest, Albertine Costello and Cesare Boinay; Word Game, Anna Quinn and William Hertina; Walking and Bursting Balloons, Helen Gregory and Matty Higgins; Balloon Drawing, Joseph Dragonetti; Name on Balloon, James Collins; Door Prize, Joseph Augustine; Drawing for Cake, Daniel Lynch.

Miss Dorothy Wendland was awarded a consolation prize for her futile efforts to win one of the events.

H. A. D.

Dr. Thomas F. Fox will be the speaker at the H. A. D. Forum, this Friday evening, the 5th. Incidentally, this will be his closing appearance of the season.

On Sunday evening, the 7th, at 8 p.m., a motion picture show will be held. Doors open at 7:30 p. m.

After a long illness, Mrs. Isabella Moore Lockwood passed away on April 3d, in her 82d year. Mrs. Lockwood was born in New York, January 1st, 1852, the daughter of James Howard Moore, of Ayr, Scotland. She was educated at the New York School for the Deaf and married George Partridge Lockwood, who died some years ago. She is survived by a son. Mrs. Lockwood entered the home from Lynn, while it was located in Everett, on May 9th, 1920. Funeral services were held in the chapel on April 7th, conducted by Rev. J. Stanley Light.—New England Spokesman for May.

The old-time play of "Box and Cox," was given at the Pythian Studio, Portchester, N. Y., on April 22d. Ernest Marshall was Mr. Box, George Simpson, Mr. Cox; and Emily Lipke, Mrs. Bouncer. Besides the play, "Yankee Doodle" was given by Ernest Marshall; specialty dances by Miss Carolyn Root; and a playlet, "Dave's Deliberate Reflections," by Gordon A. Marshall, Teresa Genedaro, and Ernest Marshall. There was a good attendance from nearby towns and a very enjoyable evening was passed.

An hour or more after midnight of Friday, April 14th, the home of the Schwings in the Bronx had a fire scare that brought Mrs. Ethel Schwing and her son, Perry Schwing and bride of a month (nee Eleanor Frost) shivering into the cold night air. They all lost their best clothing and other furnishings that were damaged by water. Their neighbor's apartments were gutted by fire.

Mrs. Susan Everhart Van Kirk, one of the old Broad and Pine Street, (Phila) Scholars, whose home was in Easton, Pa., until she married Charles Van Kirk, who has been living with her sister, Mrs. M. E. Taylor in Flushing, L. I., for 18 years, entered the Gallaudet Home, April 23d.

Robert Wilson was a visitor at the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL office on Friday, April 28th. He is a Gallaudet College graduate of the class of 1929, and has done considerable surveying on the Greater New York subways.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bettels, who have resided in New Rochelle, N. Y., for a great many years, have removed to Stamford, Ct., in order to live in the place where he is employed as printer.

On Saturday afternoon, May 6th, there will be a game of baseball at the St. Joseph's Institute grounds, between the teams of the Deaf-Mutes Union League and St. Joseph's Institute. The game will start at 2:30 p. m.

Modesty adds to the stature of every hero.

The only criticism that can get quick action is self-criticism.

Politeness costs nothing and gains everything.—Lady Montagu.

Pacific Northwest Services

(Episcopal)

Rev. Olof Hanson, Missionary Seattle, first and third Sunday, 11 A.M. Thomsen Chapel of St. Mark's Cathedral, 10th Ave. and E. Galer St. Tacoma, May 14, 1:15 P.M. Christ Church.

Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO TIDINGS

It was a pleasure to greet Mrs. J. L. Smith at our Conference Services, as it is not very often she is able to get around, owing to the infirmity of her husband.

Mr. Neil A. McGillivray, who has been down in St. Johns, Que., since Christmas, owing to slackness at his old stand, was sent for by his employers and resumed his old job on April 17th, and what a smile he wore.

The Rev. George Almo, who had been with us for at least a month, left here on April 17 for New York, much to our regret, as he made himself solid with us during his sojourn here. His future destination is as yet problematic.

After our Bible Conference was over Mr. and Mrs. John Drew left by motor for Ottawa for a fortnight's visit to the former's sister, Mrs. Gerald Hubbard. Along with them eastward went Mrs. Colin McLean, of this city and Miss Ada James, of St. Thomas. The former had a chance to revisit her old home folks at Limoges, including her dear brother, Peter McDougall, just seventeen miles out of Ottawa. Miss James went as far as Belleville to see her old school and visit with her fellow teacher, Miss Georgina Linn. These two are sure to have a lovely time together. The Drews will pick up Mrs. McLean and Miss James on the homeward stretch.

Mr. Herbert W. Roberts returned home on April 20th, after a solid week of pleasure with the Middletons near Horning Mills. From here, we learned that friend Tom Middleton can bake bread as thoroughly and skillfully as any expert can, and would make old granny sit up and think.

Oh! oh!! what-a-man is "Grandpa" Mason, for Ambrose came out on Good Friday looking more like Mr. Henry Ford, the famous auto magnate, of Detroit, inasmuch as he had shorn himself entirely of his overgrown beard. We hear some mistook him for some one else, ere they had finally discovered exactly who he was. He now looks twenty years younger.

One noticeable absence from our Conference gatherings this year were the familiar faces of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Ormiston, of Raglan. Their many friends were looking forward to greeting them again, but, alas! they were nowhere to be seen, but why, we have not learned as yet.

Our service on Sunday, April 23d, was conducted by Mr. H. W. Roberts, who spoke on "Accusation and It's Folly," explaining how great mistakes are made by the accuser when the real facts and truth is found out in the end. He used the accusation of Jesus Christ as one of the greatest blunders ever known.

Prior to the sermon Mesdames F. E. Doyle and Lorne Colclough rendered the duet, "Was it for Me that Jesus Died," and at the conclusion Mrs. Harry Mason pleased all with the solo, "Jesus will take care of me through the day." There was a good after Easter crowd present.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson, who came down from Bracebridge for our late conference and to visit relatives here for a while, have returned to their Muskoka home again, and were accompanied on the way up by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson, who went up for a few days on business.

After our Bible Conference was over, the Misses Laura and Catherine Tudhope left for their home in Orillia, but a few days later Catherine longed for another trip to this city, so came down and spent the weekend of April 22d and to greet her many friends once more. These Tudhope sisters are well liked wherever they go.

The Misses Ethel Hoare and Maude Bracken, of St. Catharines, were the only representatives from that city to our Bible Conference, and as they seldom come up this way their friends were delighted to see them again.

Mr. Elwood McBrien, of Peterboro, was up from Peterboro to attend our Conference at Easter and to greet his old friends again.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Timpson, of Long Branch, were guests at "Mora Glen" on April 22d and the former assisted Mr. Roberts in pruning his raspberry bushes that afternoon.

That the teaching of pure oralism to the deaf is a dismal failure was vividly portrayed at our church on April 23d. Miss Jimmie Cass of Maxville, Ont., came up to this city a week previous to our late Conference and was visiting with friends only two blocks from our church, yet was unable to find our place of meeting until after the Conference was over. Afterwards she was unable to follow our means of conversation and soon enlisted the sympathy of every one. She is a very nice looking and pleasing young maiden, but when it came to speaking to her it was different and at a drawback. However, everyone did their best to cheer up her lonely lot, and Jimmie is now exerting every means to study our methods. We hope she will soon master the signs.

SONGS OF SUNSHINE

The opening song of our Conference was rendered Friday afternoon, by Mrs. Frederick Crawley, in place of Mrs. W. R. Watt, and what a touching magic it brought to all hearts as she

slowly and gracefully rendered this solo—
"Hark, Sinners, Hark, We have Tidings
So True,
Tidings of Pardon, and Blessings for You."

"Low in the Grave, He Lay" was the solo which Mrs. Charles Wilson very vividly and emphatically rendered on Saturday evening that caused much favorable comment.

After our service Sunday afternoon the entire audience was awed into silent admiration when Mrs. Henry Whealy beautifully chanted, in slow graceful motion, "Christ Hath Risen, Hallelujah."

Previous to partaking of Holy Communion, an appropriate hymn was selected and rendered in telling strains by Mrs. Harry Mason. It was entitled "Nearer, My Saviour, My Heart doth Tell."

The way Miss Ada James rendered "I Will Sing of My Redeemer," Saturday afternoon, was very beautiful and inspiring.

In connection with the Sunday School lesson on Easter Sunday, a very lovely and favorite hymn was very effectively rendered in touching strains by Mrs. Alex McCaul. It wafted our hearts' desire to the Only One Above in Strains of "Glory Ever Be to Jesus."

A very striking form of rendering hymns, as they are done by the hearing public in low and high tenor, was introduced at our Friday evening service by our intermediate choir, made up of the Misses Carrie Buchanan and Erna Sole and Messrs. Ewart Hall Jack Angus. All four would render a piece in full unison, then the young maidens would step forward and down one step and chant the "Chorus" in soft reverberating melody, then step back and join their comrades in another piece. It was very graceful and many expressed their approval. This hymn was entitled, "On the Cross, the Saviour's Hanging."

At our largely attended Easter Sunday afternoon service, our senior choir greatly pleased the large assembly by smoothly and graciously rendering the hymn, "Come and Look Unto Jesus." This choir was composed of Mesdames F. E. Harris, Charles Wilson, John Gethelf and George Goulding.

A very striking solo was given by Miss Ada James in the closing stages of Sunday evening, on this pleasing piece, "Are Ye Coming Home, Ye Wanderers, Whom Jesus Died to Save."

"God So Loved the World," in rhyme, was very efficiently rendered on Sunday evening by Mesdames Margaret Harris and Gladys Doyle.

Our Junior Choir gave a very touching and charming rendition of "Take the Name of Jesus With You," as all were about to retire for the night on Saturday evening. It gave a matchless touch of the beauty and grace of the sign-language, and in this choir of eight were the Bowen sisters and their brother, Roy, and they rendered their part in minute precision.

CONFERENCE CONUNDRUMS

Our Thirty-third Annual Bible Conference has come and gone, leaving many pleasant memories behind.

The programme, arranged by Platform Convenor Harry E. Grooms, was not only carried out, but was very interesting and helpful as well.

Those who thought, owing to the hard times and seedling time, that there would not be as many from outside points as in years gone by, were wrong in their calculations, as the attendance was about parallel with the past.

Mr. John F. Fisher, of London, gave a very masterly sermon Saturday afternoon, that was remarkable for its pointedness on our eternal choosing of a glorious inheritance or a life of perpetual suffering. He summed up the election between Christ and Barnabas, and the results that will follow whom we prefer.

Owing to his urgent need at home that evening, Mr. Howard J. Lloyd, of Brantford, was unable to remain and give his sermon on Sunday evening as scheduled. Of course, he was with us from Saturday noon till late in the following afternoon, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Teague were also here from the "Telephone City."

The free suppers prepared by our Women's Association on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, were thoroughly enjoyed and no little praise was extended to those who worked so faithfully in arranging such treats.

At least a score responded to the appeals made to come and accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their only Saviour. It was very pleasing to see them come forward voluntarily for a good cause.

"Repentance" was the keynote of a well-directed sermon given by Mr. J. T. Shilton, on Saturday evening. He stressed the great importance in repenting as it was the only way towards finding the way to the Throne and Heart of God.

Throughout the Conference, the Rev. George Almo was a very busy man, giving advice and short addresses. We only wish we could retain him as our regular pastor, but only financial circumstances are in the way to a successful call.

Supt. W. R. Watt, country mission Convenor F. W. Terrell and Platform Convenor H. E. Grooms, were warm and earnest in their words of welcoming the delegates at the inaugural address on Good Friday afternoon, especially Mr. Grooms, who assured all that every one had the freedom of the

church during this important meet. It was originally intended to have the Rev. Dr. Neal to give the Easter Sermon Sunday afternoon, but hearing that Rev. George Almo was here, the Dr. withdrew in favor of our Swedish guest, and Mr. Almo gave a great sermon in a strong appealing way, that brought many to the Arms of Jesus. Of course, Dr. Neal did turn up that afternoon, just to wish our Conference a grand success and to bestow his benediction upon it.

Mr. H. W. Roberts was the speaker at the Sunday School service at eleven in the morning, and described the Power and Glory of God as outlined in the Transfiguration, and why God was so pleased in His Son.

The Saturday evening address by Mr. G. W. Reeves on "Who Are You," was well given and received, and so was the "Illustrated Talk" by Messrs. F. E. Harris and Colin McLean, on Friday evening, in which these two brought forth several true facts as portrayed in the teachings of our Lord.

There was a very large turnout to our Holy Communion Service Sunday morning, which was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Ramsay, assisted by Mrs. Annie Byrne, as interpreter. The sermon was very sweet and refreshing and at its conclusion the infant daughter and only child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robinson was baptized and given the name of Jean Irene Robinson. Little Jean kept on smiling throughout the ceremony.

Addresses by A. H. Jaffray on Friday evening and Wm. Hazlitt on Saturday afternoon were well received. Mr. W. Bell, of Oshawa, did not turn up at all, though billed to speak Saturday afternoon. Mr. John Fisher, of London, ably filled the gap.

All in all, this thirty-third annual Conference was a success in every way, both as regards attendance and results. It was brought to a close Sunday evening by the rendering of the Doxology by Mrs. W. R. Watt, followed by all in unison.

VANCOUVER VARIATIONS

We hear that Mr. Thomas Noble, whose wife passed away recently, intends leaving soon for a trip down east to Winnipeg and probably to Toronto.

Although business is very quiet, Mr. Jarvy H. Armstrong still keeps his shoe repairing shop going and is receiving a liberal share of the public patronage. Jarvy believes in hustling. Their many friends up this way are wondering how Mr. and Mrs. Charles Golds, Jr., are faring down in Toronto. They would like to hear more of these two, who are old Vancouverites. Mrs. Golds having been educated at our local school for the deaf.

Mr. George P. Riley has returned to his duties at the Victoria post-office, after enjoying a well-earned holiday down in Sunny California looking fat and tanned.

Since Mr. Peikoff skipped out of this city and struck for Winnipeg nearly a year ago, at the discretion of Darrell Cupid, the Vancouver Association of the Deaf, which was once in a very prosperous condition, has now floundered on the rocks of discrepancy, owing to the depression and the wide scattering of its members.

Congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. H. Cummings upon the advent of a little boy, born on February 5th, of which they are very proud. The mother was formerly Miss Ellen Anderson, and a graduate of the Winnipeg School for the Deaf, while Mr. Cummings is an old pupil of the Point Grey School for the Deaf of this city, which our Canadian representative and Mrs. Roberts, of Toronto, visited two years ago.

GONE BEYOND THE BAR

Since our Bible Conference in 1932, or within the space of a year, at least eighteen of our beloved friends have gone the only way we all must go sooner or later, and following are they who were mentioned in a minute of silent reverence at our late Conference. Their names follow in the wake of their precedence—

Blanche McLaren, beloved wife of Mr. Charles McLaren, of Long Branch, Ont. Aged 74.
Mr. Charles Rolfs, of Toronto. Aged 69.
Mr. James Duncan, of Winnipeg, Man. Aged 65.
Mr. David A. Terrell, of Detroit, Mich. Aged 56.
Miss Emma Dowell, of Toronto. Aged 70.
Mr. Archie Smith, formerly of Brantford, Ont., who died in Toledo, O. Aged 61.
Mr. Robert McKenzie, Jr., of Harley, Ont. Aged 28.
Mr. Roderick McKenzie, of Detroit, Mich. Aged 66.
Ida Romer, widow of the late Richard Leathorn, of London, Ont. Aged 59.
Mr. Abbie Lincoln Roman, of Toronto, but late of Montreal. Aged 51.
Miss Flora McMillan, of Dutton, Ont. Aged 56.
Mr. Samuel Darew, of Sarnia, Ont. Aged 76.
Mr. John Alexander Braithwaite, of Windsor, Ont. Aged 57.
Ellen Gieve, wife of Thomas Edgar Noble, of Vancouver, B. C., formerly of Toronto. Aged 43.
Mr. John Forsythe, of Elmira. Aged 60.
Ethel, beloved wife of Mr. William Hagen, of Kitchener. Aged 43.
William A. O'Rourke, formerly of Toronto and Peterboro, who died at the Whitby Hospital on April 6th. Aged 58.
Blanche, beloved wife of Mr. Adolph Kresin, of Port Huron, Mich. Aged 53.
Blessed are they who die in the Lord.

IN THE LONG AGO

At the eighth biennial convention of the Ontario Association of the Deaf held at London just thirty-one years ago, the officers were Hon. President R. Mathison; President, P. Frasier;

First Vice-President, R. C. Slattery; Second Vice-President, J. R. Byrne; Secretary, William Nurse; Treasurer, A. W. Mason; Interpreter, Miss Annie Fraser. Today only two of the above are with us, namely A. W. Mason, our grand old man, and Miss Fraser (now Mrs. Annie Byrne).

Oldtimers of thirty years ago will recollect Miss Ina Middlemas, the refined and winsome daughter of the popular engineer at the old school, who made legions of friends while there, was married thirty-one years ago to Mr. Edward Donald Tennant, and both went to live in Fort William, Ont. Where they are today, we'd like to know.

Thirty years ago our two beloved friends, the Misses Isabella Walker, then the matron at our old school, and Georgina Linn, one of our school's valued teachers, enjoyed a very pleasant holiday at Glenora, a well-known summer resort near Picton, Ont. Today both ladies are still "holidaying" in honorable retirement, Miss Walker in Hamilton, and Miss Linn in Belleville.

On June 25th next, Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Ball, of Detroit, can look back upon a span of thirty-one years of married bliss, for on that date in 1902 they were happily married at the home of the bride in Clinton, Ont. She was then Miss Minnie A. Hayward, a rosy beauty of that day. Miss Mabel Ball, a sister of the groom, and now Mrs. Cas. Sadows, of Detroit, was the bridesmaid, while Mr. W. H. Gould, Jr., of London, ably supported the groom. Mr. Fred Hayward, brother of the bride, acted as interpreter. The deaf present then were the Misses Mabel and Ethel Thompson, of Duncannon, the latter now being Mrs. George Boulding, of Mount Forest; Miss Mary Mackay, of Moncrieffe, now Mrs. Frank Baumgartner, of Brantford; and the Misses Henrietta Hoggard and Clara Young, of Ludesboro, the former being now Mrs. Newton Black, of Kitchener, and Miss Young has since crossed the bar.

GENERAL GLEANINGS

Mrs. Thomas A. Middleton has returned to her home in Horning Mills, after spending a most delightful month with her aged mother and relatives in Huntsville. While she was away her only daughter, Helen, kept the home fires aglow. On the return trip, Mrs. Middleton stopped over at Barrie, where she remained overnight with Mr. and Mrs. Urson Johnson, then proceeded on to Creemore, where she was met by Mr. Middleton and driven home.

Mr. Adolph Kresin, of Port Huron, took a trip down to Detroit for Easter, and partook of Holy Communion at St. John's Parish House, Easter Sunday. His only daughter, Florence, is working as a telephone operator at St. Clair, twelve miles out of Port Huron, while his only son, Keith, remains at home to keep his dad company in his lonely hours.

Our good friend, Mr. Stanley Walker, has changed his address from 352 Lesperance Street, to 590 Notre Dame Avenue, St. Lambert, Que., as since the death of his late wife he has found it more convenient to live in a smaller home than he was accustomed to.

Just one year ago, on April 19th, our beloved friend, Mrs. Charles McLaren passed away into the Heavenly Mansions, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. George J. Timpson, in Long Branch, and to her memory her sorrowing husband, Mr. Charles McLaren, and only child, Mrs. Timpson, tenderly breathe this eulogy over her grave in Park Lawn Cemetery:

God knew that you were suffering
And your hills were hard to climb
So He closed your weary eyelids,
And whispered, "Peace be Thine."

And in His realms of glory,
Where it is vernal Spring,
You now behold His beauties,
Which we rejoice to sing.

Thank God, who gave you unto us,
Your comfort and your cheer,
For never in this mortal life
Had we a soul so dear.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

The contention that sight can replace hearing, through the cure-all medium of lip-reading is, to the intelligent deaf person, the most pitiful one of them all. There is no more perfect vehicle for the communication of thought than the normal human voice, as it meets the normal human ear. Every other vehicle for thought transference is merely a substitute, and at the tip end of the list of substitutes we find lip-reading.—J. S. L., in Iowa Hawkeye.

Protestant Episcopal

DIOCESES OF ALBANY, CENTRAL NEW YORK, ROCHESTER, AND WESTERN NEW YORK.
Rev. Herbert C. Merrill, 2014 South Salina Street, Syracuse, N. Y., Missionary to the Deaf.

APPOINTMENTS

May 7—Buffalo, Diocesan House (237 North St.), 10:30 A.M. Holy Communion.
8—Rochester, St. Luke's Church, 3:30 P.M.
8—Geneva, St. Peter's Church, 7:30 P.M.
9-10—Syracuse, Grace Church, Central New York, Diocesan Convention.
14—Syracuse, Trinity Church (Chapel), 10:30 (10:30 A.M. Holy Communion).
Rome, Zion Church, 3 P.M.
15-16—Buffalo, St. John's Church, Western New York Diocesan Convention.
21—Albany, St. Paul's Church, 9 A.M. Holy Communion. Schenectady, St. George's Parish House, 11 A.M. Holy Communion. Albany, St. Paul's Church, 3 P.M.
28—Rome, Zion Church, 8:40 A.M. Holy Communion. Utica, Grace Church, 11 A.M. Holy Communion. Fulton, All Saints' Church, 3 P.M. Syracuse, Trinity Chapel, 7:30 P.M.

CHICAGO

Giving \$10,000 in ten years to our Home for Aged Deaf, Mrs. J. B. Hall gave another \$100 just before she died a month ago, we learn! An honorary member of the Board of Managers since leaving Chicago for the South some years ago—and before that an active full-fledged member—Mrs. Hall was the hearing mother of a deaf son. The boy was in poor health—very. "I do hope he dies before I do—for else who will take care of him?" she often remarked. Her wish was not granted.

Mrs. Hall gave \$5,000 outright when the Home was started, ten years ago this summer. At various times she gave from \$100 to \$1,000, and in other ways proved a staunch supporter of our Home.

Ralph Miller, Forrest Hoffmann and Herman Bain were given a triangular-birthday surprise party on the 22d, at "Meagher's Irish Shanty," where dwells the chairman, Miss Virginia Dries. She was assisted by Mrs. Miller and by Mrs. Louis Masinkoff. The big hit of the evening was a "Treasure Hunt"—each of the three birthdayes picking teams, being given a clue, then prowling the house to successively dig up ten clues each—the final clue leading to the "Treasure." One team's slips of paper were written in black, one in blue, one in red; the "Treasure" proved an envelope with five dollars in each case. This innovation took participants and spectators by storm, and is certain to become a standard form of entertainment in Chicago Deafdom.

Miss Dries provided a dozen prizes. Some of the games are worth a brief description—provided our country cousins depend on Big City antics for their own socials. Kit Leitner instigated a variation of that ancient "observation" gag; all were given pencil and paper and allowed five minutes to study objects arrayed on a tray. Every man committed the list to memory—but instead of being told to jot them down, Kit announced the prize would go to the one answering eight questions. Sample questions: "Who manufactured the salt? Was the carton open or closed? Name the brand of bluing. What color was the package of pancake flour? What firm gave those match-books free? How many ash-trays were in the pile? To what article was the button nearest? What was the issue-date of the *Buff and Blue*?" Not a single soul answered everything correctly.

Another game was "Backward Spelling." The leader asked the row to spell backwards such words as "Constantinople," "abbreviation," "domesticity," "Easy?" Try it. Some of the best performances were turned in by folks I thought "dumb," while smart guys were soon sent to the foot of the class. Frau Frieda furnished one of her famous midnight German-snacks: guests drawing for partners such cues as "propose," "Virginia Reel," "spoon," etc. The fun lasted until 3 A.M.

The annual Bazaar for the benefit of our Home for Aged Deaf, is scheduled for ONE DAY ONLY—instead of two days running, as per custom since the piping times of war! The date is Saturday, May 20th; the place is All Angels' assembly in the parish house of St. Simon's at Leland and Racine. Mrs. Linda Brimble is general chairman; Mrs. Washington Barrow is custodian of the candy counter; Mrs. Joe Miller fingers the fancy factory; while the anti-starve department will be handled by the Sunshine Club with Kit Leitner as cafeteria-chef. (Some of those Sunshiners are celebrated cooks—but don't say I told you so, as I have a "mad" with more than half the women of that dang-drat-ot organization.) The usual evening card social will be in personal charge of no less a personality than the wife of that Grand President of Fratdom, Arthur L. Roberts. The boosters have coined as their slogan a catchy jingle: "The Depression is Over, Our Procession is in Clover."

An interesting item comes this way concerning the Franklin Sawyers, of Leland, down-state. Their fine home is right on the main auto-route to the capital, and during one of the late winter blizzards, several auto-loads of stalled travelers were forced to seek shelter with the Sawyers for several days. One of them happened to be a prominent minister of Galesburg, who gave the newspapers a splendid tribute to the deaf samaritans.

It is reported in a *Chicago* daily that a resident of Fort Worth, Tex., complained to the police that two men were having an argument in the neighborhood. When the police arrived, they saw that the two men were deaf-mutes and the signs they were making gave the complainant the impression that they were fighting.

The *Iowa Hawkeye* says our former-townsmen, Fred Lee, spent some time in a Lincoln, Neb., hospital; then immediately on recovering was laid low with a siege of "flu." His beautiful doll-bride is with her mother near Rochester; she may join him later, or may wait for business conditions to improve. Lee was formerly a staff-artist on the *Evening American* here.

Ten loyal "Owls" Gallaudet College sorority, held their quarterly feed at Stop & Stop, on the 22d. Mrs. Ben Frank announced the death, on the second, of Lula Herdman Cloud—widow of the late Rev. Dr. James Henry Cloud, of St. Louis, father of

our Illinois superintendent and the first N. A. D. ex-president to die. He expired October 20, 1926.

Mrs. Johnnie Sullivan managed the card social at the Home on the 22d, and persuaded a huge delegation of her old Sac crowd to turn out—nineteen tables of cards, a record. Profit exceeded thirty-five dollars.

Al Love is back subbing on the Hearst sheets, after five weeks in the hospital.

The Gus Andersons moved again—and a few days later there was an explosion in the store beneath. Firemen extinguished the blaze before it spread to the Anderson flat, but the Andersons had quite a scare while it lasted. The big bang went off while they were all sitting down to dinner.

The monthly meeting of the Board of Managers at the Home for Aged Deaf, April 24th, witnessed rescinding of the rule—passed a month ago—barring friends and relatives of the Board members from "sitting in" at business sessions. "So again will uncles and aunts, cousins and kibitzers, cuddle up around King Arthur's Round Table to kibitz and second-guess and delay orderly transaction of business—as if the Home were a Christmas toy instead of a business establishment," we are told by someone in the know.

Aside from that, things went smoothly. The new matron, Miss Anna Sorenson, has proven highly capable. Mrs. Gus Hyman dropped in from Goshen, Ind., for the meeting, and remained a few days.

A Emory, one of the oral leaders, gave the Home five dollars—which Mrs. Rhilla Blair used to buy a new roaster, as the oral Saturday Evening Club has charge of the kitchen. (When the Home was purchased, each of the major local organization purchased necessary equipment for one room—the kitchen fell to the choice of the S. E. C., and this oral organization is one of the few which has faithfully kept up its end of the bargain all these years.)

Jacobson's Department Store, for which Benjamin Jacobson is famous among the deaf, was again the target of robbers, mostly of midnight variety. Nearly every month, for the last twenty-five years, this had occurred. It was almost a routine matter, though the latest attempt proved fatal to one of the burglars. He was found shot in the alley behind the store, caught by the volley emptied by the police car on its beat. He died afterwards in the hospital. This store was fully protected for the window plate glass which was broken. It is also protected by robbery insurance. In early days, these despoilers were too successful, but with every succeeding attempt, the store was better and better equipped with electric alarm system.

Morris Hertzberg and wife took Miss Rose Budnitsky in their car for a week-end trip to visit the school in Jacksonville, where Rose's sister, Etta, and Mrs. Hertzberg's sister, Rose Lancy, are pupils.

Grand Trustee Harry Leitner, of the Frats, moved his family back to Chicago from the suburb of Oak Park in the 21st.

Rumor has it the beautiful and talented Frances Wondra, widow of Silentdom's greatest comedian, who died two years ago, is engaged to a Milwaukee notable. He is William Gelfuss, a prosperous and distinguished graduate of Gallaudet College, class of 1902.

Mrs. Hattie Mathias, of Manawa, Wis., is here visiting her daughter.

Mrs. Anton Tanzar spent Easter in Jacksonville, visiting her son, a pupil in the school there.

Forrest Reid applied for enlistment in the newly-formed Forest Corps, but was curtly informed no deaf men were wanted. Why so? This may be a good campaign for our leaders to raise a hullabaloo over, upholding the rights of the deaf to be classed on the same basis as hearing men.

"Hank" Crutcher, who recently came to us after selling his pool hall in Cincinnati, states our former-citizen, Arthur Hinch, is now living in Cincinnati with relatives. Although his life was despaired of when he and Morris Purviance were pulverized when their auto upset over a year ago, neither man seems much marked about the face. Hinch holds the world frat-recruiting record—securing nearly a hundred new members for Detroit Division in half a year, just before the depression. Like many other ex-Chicagoans, he had to go to greener pastures before his merits were recognized.

Mrs. Gus Hyman, now living in Goshen, Ind., during her six-month rest-respite from duties as matron of the Home for Aged Deaf, is still hopeful of securing enough silents to take the thirty-seven dollars all-expense tour to Washington, May 24th. Interested parties can get into touch with her by addressing either the Home, or Mrs. J. Meagher, 3135 Eastwood Avenue.

Frank A. Delano, for long a director of Gallaudet College, is either an uncle or near-kin of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, so Dr. George T. Dougherty informs this office.

Under the leadership of Mrs. Rhilla, the Ephphata Club social of April 23d, netted seventy-nine dollars, which was split 50-50 between the club and the Ephphata school on Crawford Avenue.

Chicago League of Hebrew Deaf is putting up a near-gala grand opening party at its new address, 7 South St. Louis Avenue, 3500 blocks west-

The nearest car line is Madison Street. The determined backers of this opening wedge are Harry Keesal and Peter J. Livshis. It will include a variety of card games for anyone to choose and bunco is met excepted. The date is Sunday, May 7, 1933, in the evening at 7:30.

As a coincidence, Harry Keesal and his family are moving to a new address on Kenmore Avenue, and Abbie Migatz is doing the same thing, the street address same as the first—about a mile apart. A. Migatz and his wife are living with the latter's sister permanently. That street might as well be called Keesal Alley. Big doings are being watched out for.

Rev. Hasenstab, at the M. E. Mission, announced the death of Superintendent Cloud's deaf mother. Our heartfelt sympathy goes to Mr. Cloud.

Mrs. S. Drinkwine, who was stricken with apoplexy several times, was taken to the County Hospital.

THIRD FLAT.

SEATTLE

Impressive Easter services by Rev. W. Westermann were "listened" to by fifty-five people yesterday afternoon at the Church of Our Redeemer.

Mrs. W. S. Root and Mrs. Sophia Brinkman graciously rendered Easter hymns. Clarence Thomas, a young orator who has learned the sign language rapidly, was confirmed in to the Lutheran faith with the consent of his devoted parents and his minister of the Christian Church. Communion was partaken. There were beautiful Easter lilies, daffodils and other flowers.

Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. Reeves entertained with three tables of cards after the business meeting of the Ladies Aid ex-cutive committee meeting. Fine refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Bodley had several of their friends at a big hearty dinner April 11th. Two tables of 500 with five people at each table were played. Mrs. Bodley is a great lover of entertaining her friends. Her young daughters are bright and doing well at High School.

Eleven ladies attended the monthly luncheon at Mrs. True Partridge's home April 15th. The refreshments were fine and plentiful and the hostess' cherry pie was fine. Auntie Pauline Gustin won the first prize of a box of Mrs. Partridge's delicious fudge, at bridge. Mrs. Reeves offered her home for the next meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Root invited a few friends to their home after the Easter services for a game of barnyard golf and also for 500. Mrs. Root had all ready on the table an appetizing luncheon which was much enjoyed.

Mrs. W. E. Brown has been chosen the Program Chairman of the P.S. A. D. by President Frank Morrissey. They are neighbors and such good old friends.

The Seattle deaf are looking forward to another movie at the Lutheran hall, April 22d. Mr. William A. Renner of New York is sending films of his wife, our charming Cecelia Wilson of Alaska; Dr. Fox, Supt. Skyberg, and pictures of the New York school for the deaf made by himself. Lady Forbes, a lawyer who did some work for the deaf, will use her projector and show some pictures of Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Bodley have been spending their Easter vacation with Mr. and Mrs. A. Lorenz in Tacoma, while their daughters enjoy themselves with their sister, Mrs. Paulson, a little distance from the Lorenzes.

Mrs. Alice Fowler and Miss Eva Hoganson took a boat to Bremerton and to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Holcombe for a night in Manette. They enjoyed their visit and the view of the navy yard. The Holcombe's house is situated just on the beach. Mrs. Holcombe and Mrs. Fowler are cousins.

Milo Root is full of excitement these days in his anticipation of the possibility of going to Chicago to attend the World's Fair with the musician band.

Betty Garrison, after being laid up with chicken pox, was taken down with the mumps. Her brother, a husky lad, is still holding out.

Mrs. Editha Ziegler's daughter, Yvonne, has gone to Boston City, near Yakima, to help look after an infant for a family and attend school. She wrote that it was a beautiful drive over the Cascade Mountains—there was ten feet of snow. She went with her employer, who came for a supply of drugs for his store.

Herbert Ziegler and one of his pals spent their Easter vacation with the former's dad at the fish farm in the country.

Claude Ziegler came over to Seattle to attend the Easter services at the Lutheran church. He returned to his work today.

PUGET SOUND

OHIO

The sports edition of the Columbus *Journal Dispatch* of April 23 devoted part of the paper to the ten best umpires for the city recreational department. A group picture of these was given and in the center was Mr. Albert Ohlemacher. In speaking of his work, the editor said "Mr. Ohlemacher is reputed to be one of the finest in the city, despite the fact that he is deaf and dumb."

Mr. Nelson I. Snyder, of Dayton, fears the old age pension idea now before the legislature will interfere with our Ohio Home. This is what he says:—

An old-age pension bill has been under consideration in the State legislature the past winter, but its passage this session is not expected. It may be enacted into a law later, though. It is sponsored largely by the Elks. In the event of its passage, a pension of \$20 to \$25 a month will be paid to those 70 years of age and over, provided they have no means of support. How it would affect the status of the Home for the Aged Deaf and its inmates is something we wonder about. It has been customary since the founding of the Home to collect from each county that has inmates at the Ohio Home the per capita cost of the county infirmaries. With the passage of the bill (if it is ever passed) these county institutions will cease to exist. Then from whom will the Ohio Home collect funds? The State and the counties were to go fifty-fifty on the payment of the pensions. At \$20 per person per month would be \$240 per year. If the Ohio Home could get that much for the keep of each of its inmates its income would be materially bettered. But will all of the inmates remain at the Home were they to receive \$240 a year? And from what point of view will the State and counties look at the Ohio Home as an institution eligible to receive the pensions for the keep of its inmates, since the county homes of a similar nature are abolished?—N. I. Snyder.

The duty of being hostess to the April birthday party at the Home fell to me. As Mrs. J. C. Winemiller is a new member of the board of lady visitors, she went with me to see how the parties are conducted. Miss MacGregor took us to the Home in her car and proved a good driver.

A nice chicken dinner was served the participants and a fine white cake was provided. This was decorated with tiny candles. All did justice to the matron's dinner and had a happy time. Those whose birthdays were honored were Miss L. Gard, Miss B. Heffner, Messrs. E. Huffman, Wm. Morris, F. Betts, J. Jones and Mrs. E. B. Bard. The latter being confined to her room, dinner favors and candy were taken up to her. The favors were bars of nut crunch with jig-saw puzzles.

The ride to the Home was a fine one, as the day was a perfect one and the woods and fields lovely with their spring dressing. Seeing the millions of dandelions made us wonder if the United States were not yet on the gold standard.

In the afternoon, Rev. Borchardt, the Lutheran minister, came for a service. With him was Miss Elsie Schmidt, of Milford. Later Mr. Anderson with three from his Lutheran class arrived, and Miss Della Case with Mr. Francis Foster signed a hymn. Other visitors were Mr. Merritt Rice and Mr. Chester B. Huffman.

Miss Anna King, her mother formerly our nurse at the school, and a few friends attended the High School graduation exercise at Plumville. One of Miss King's cousins was a graduate.

The social at Trinity Parish House brought together over forty persons, a few being from out of town. After a short entertainment of dancing and singing songs, pictures of scenes at the school were shown. All were glad to have the retiring pastor, Rev. F. C. Smielau, present and he was given quite a surprise when Mr. C. Jacobson in a neat speech presented him a purse from his friends. It was with difficulty that the reverend gentleman could thank his friends, as he was very deeply touched. In his presentation speech Mr. Jacobson quoted from Burns—

"Accept this gift from a friend sincere,
Wad on thy worth is pressin'."

Rev. Smielau will probably locate in a town in Pennsylvania and a complete rest with a comfortable pension may restore him to health. The greater part of his thirty-three years in the ministry was in Pennsylvania. After Rev. Charles' death, Mr. Smielau accepted the call to Ohio and made his home in Columbus.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Ottenbacher (Eva Matthews) were recent visitors at the Ohlemacher home. Mr. and Mrs. Ottenbacher are now residing in Indianapolis. Their oldest son is in Columbus attending Ohio State University, and his younger brothers are to follow his footsteps. It is hard to believe that Eva Matthews is the mother of three sons ready for college.

Mr. Carl Holdren, brother of Mr. Philip Holdren, surprised his friends by taking a hearing lady for a wife. They will locate at Marietta, Ohio.

Mr. E. I. Holycross has been tramping around in Columbus, counting the one-man printing shops and found fifty-one in operation.

Miss Helen Keller was in Columbus today, April 25th, to address the annual conference of the Ohio Federation of Women's Clubs. Miss Keller in her address said, "I always am happy where there is any group of people interested in the blind of America." Miss Thomson repeated to Miss Keller all questions asked her.

In Memoriam of Frederick Hoffman

At the regular business meeting of the Margraf Club, held at St. Ann's Church, New York City, April 21, 1933, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

WHEREAS, Almighty God in His infinite wisdom, has removed from our midst, our sincere friend and brother, Bro. Frederick Hoffman; and

WHEREAS, Bro. Hoffman had shown a whole-hearted interest in all matters pertaining to the Margraf Club, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Margraf Club extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved wife, baby son, father and relatives, who are left to mourn his loss.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the meeting and copies be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL for publication; to the bereaved wife; the Brooklyn Division, No. 23, N. F. S. D.; the American Society for Deaf Artists; the Fanwood Alumni Association; the Palette and Brush Club; and Men's Club of St. Ann's Church.

LOUIS FARRER,
EDWARD M. KIRWIN,
Committee.

Brooklyn Division No. 23

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf
301 Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

First Saturdays
Nicholas J. McDermott, Sec'y
954 Broadway Brooklyn, N. Y.

Entertainments

Manhattan Division, No. 87
National Fraternal Society of the Deaf
meets at 711 Eighth Avenue, New York City (Deaf-Mutes' Union League Rooms), first Wednesday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, J. M. Ebin, 1014 Gerard Ave., Bronx, New York.

Queens Division, No. 115
National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at the Jamaica, Y. M. C. A. Building, Parson's Boulevard and 90th Avenue, Jamaica, the first Saturday of each month. For information write to Secretary Harry A. Gillen, 525 DuBois Avenue, Valley Stream, L. I.

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf
511 West 148th Street, New York City
Rev. GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, Vicar
Church services each Sunday at 3 P.M.
Holy Communion, first Sunday of each month at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M.
Office Hours:—Morning, 10 to 12. Afternoons, 2 to 4:30. Evenings, 8 to 10. Tuesday, Thursday and Friday only

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes
Meets first Thursday evening each month at St. Mark's Parish House, 230 Adelphi Street, near DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn.
SOCIAL AND ENTERTAINMENTS FOR 1933
May 27—Card Party and Games. Mrs. Emma Schnackenberg.
June 10—Gallaudet's Birthday. J. Maier.
October 28—Hallowe'en Party. Emil Mayer.
November 25—Food Sale. Mrs. Emma Schnackenberg.
December 23—Christmas Festival. Harry Leibsohn.
Mrs. HARRY LEIBSOHN, Chairman.
(DeKalb and Myrtle Ave. car stops at Adelphi St.)

All Angels' Church for the Deaf (Episcopal)
1151 Leland Ave. Chicago, Illinois
(One block north of Wilson Ave. "L" station, and one-half block west).
Rev. GEORGE F. FLICK, Priest-in-charge.
MR. FREDERICK W. SHITSKY and MR. FREDERICK B. WIRT, Lay-Readers.
Church services, every Sunday at 11 A.M. Holy Communion, first and third Sundays of each month.
Social Supper, second Wednesday of each month, 6:30 P.M., with entertainment following at 8 P.M.
Get-together socials at 8 P.M. all other Wednesdays. (Use Racine Ave. entrance, around corner).
Minister's address, 6336 Kenwood Avenue.

Brooklyn Hebrew Society of the Deaf, Inc.
Meets second Sunday of each month except July and August, at the Hebrew Educational Society Building, Hopkinson and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.
Services and interesting speakers every Friday evening at 8:30 P.M., at the H. E. S. English Class, every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8 o'clock sharp, from September to May, at P. S. 150, Sackman and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.
Irving Blumenthal, President; Michael Auerbach, Sec'y, 264 Montank Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hebrew Assn. of the Deaf, Inc.
Meets Third Sunday afternoon of the month. Information can be had from Mrs. Tanya Nash, Executive Director, 210 West 91st Street, New York City; or Mrs. Sally Yager, 731 Gerard Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.
Religious Services held every Friday evening, eighty-third. Classes every Wednesday evening. Socials and movies First and Third Sunday evenings.

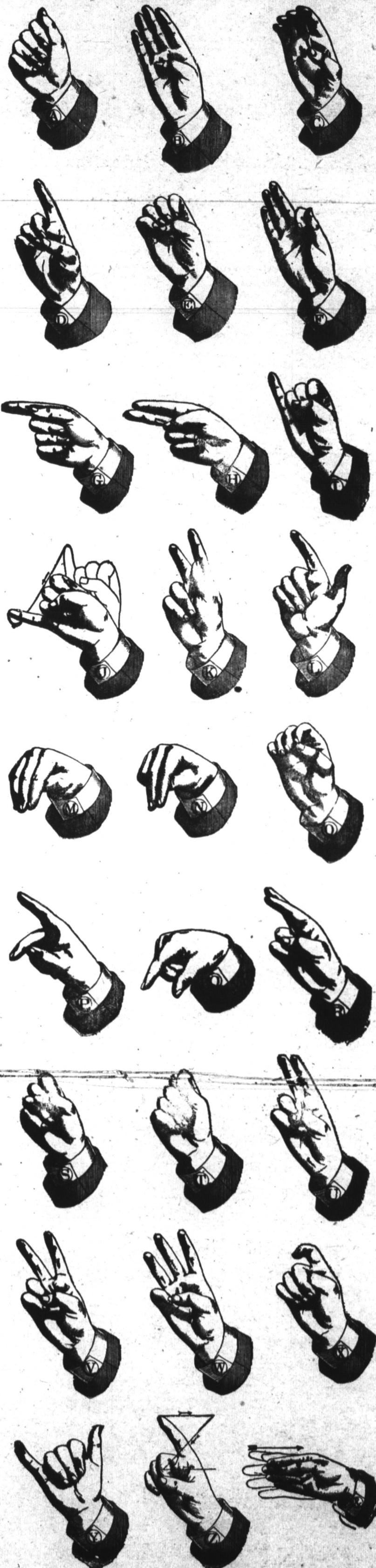
Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.
Club Rooms open the year round.
Regular meetings on Third Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Joseph F. Mortiller, President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary, 711 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

Detroit Association of the Deaf
Third floor, 8 East Jefferson St., near Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Club room open every day. Regular meeting on second Friday of each month. Visitors always welcome.

Reserved
FEBRUARY 10, 1934

Basketball and Dance, Auspices Deaf-Mutes' Union League. Two games: Union League vs. Gallaudet College. Fanwood vs. Lexington.

AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET



Fair! Country Fair!

ALL THE RURAL DELIGHTS TO BE HAD ON

Friday and Saturday afternoon and evening

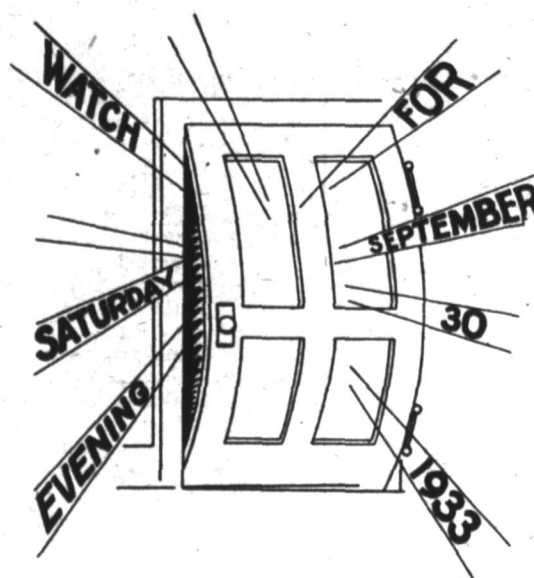
NOVEMBER 17 and 18, 1933

Under the auspices of the

**Woman's Parish Aid Society
Virginia B. Gallaudet Ass'n
and The Men's Club**

ADMISSION, - - - - - 10 cents

A HOT HOME COOKED DINNER



Deaf-Mutes' Union League
711 Eighth Avenue
New York City
ANNOUNCES THE FOLLOWING
ENTERTAINMENTS

May 13 - 14.....Movies
May 20.....Little Coney Island
June 10.....Strawberry Festival
September 23.....Mardi Gras
October 7 - 8.....Movies
October 28.....Hallowe'en Party
November 11 - 12.....Movies
November 29.....Thanksgiving Carnival
December 9 - 10.....Movies
January 13 - 14, 1934.....Movies

Space reserved for
PICNIC AND GAMES

B'lyn Div. No. **23** N. F. S. D.

Ulmer Park, Brooklyn
Sat. (Aff. & Evg.) August 26th
PARTICULARS LATER

NO PLACE TO GO? SEE THIS AD

CARD PARTY

FOR

CASH PRIZES

To Winners of Highest Points

ARRANGED BY

Manhattan Division, No. 87

Saturday Eve., May 6, 1933

St. Ann's Church, 511 W. 148 St.

Admission - - 35 Cents

Samuel Frankenheim

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

168 West 86th Street

New York

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

The St. Ann's Players
present

"The School for Scandal"
A Comedy of Manners
By Richard Brinsley Sheridan

at

St. Ann's Auditorium

511 West 148th Street
New York City

Saturday Eve., June 17th

Admission, - - - - 35 Cents

Reserved Seats, - - 50 Cents

Direction, John N. Funk

BRIDGE "500" WHIST

of members of the

FANWOOD ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

on

Saturday, May 13, 1933

Eight o'clock P.M.

at

FANWOOD SCHOOL

163d Street and Riverside Drive.
New York City

Admission, - - - - 35 cents

Cash Prizes to Winners of Games

There will be other games for those who do not play cards.

REFRESHMENTS ON SALE

New Guaranteed Monthly Income For Life...

Plan to Retire at

Age 55, 60 or 65

Absolutely safe investment.

No higher rate to the deaf.

Free medical examination.

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